

on to 3rd and saw a boy on a lawn holding a dog
while another boy strangled the dog with a rubber
hose
that I forgot about that bum at all.

HORSES DON'T BET ON PEOPLE AND NEITHER DO I ...

I try to get a seat alone but a couple of rows
ahead of me sits a balding old man in a grey
sweater.

he has a voice you can hear for 40 yards.
the year is 1980, he is talking about some
horse that won a stakes race in 1958.
he had him.

"HE WAS 13 TO ONE! THE HORSE HAD NEVER RUN
MORE THAN SEVEN FURLONGS AND HERE THEY WERE
ENTERING HIM IN A MILE AND ONE EIGHTH! WELL,
SIR, HE JUMPED IN FRONT AND WENT ALL THE WAY,
THEY NEVER GOT NEAR HIM! IT WAS SOME RACE!"

the man he is talking to turns his head away
and pales, he's sick.

I get up and move my seat, I get a new seat,
the closest person to me is three seats away
and she doesn't even have a Racing Form, she's
working on a crossword puzzle.
she looks up at me: "hey, what's a four letter
for 'departed'?"

"dead?"

"no, that don't fit"

"gone?"

"ah ... yeah, that's it. say didn't I see you
in some movie? aren't you a movie star?"

"no."

"yes, it was a horror movie, you played a man
who fell out of a bell tower and crushed his
skull"

I get up and I walk all the way down to the escalator
and ride it down and I find a bench in the sun and I
sit there, then I find I've lost my program so I go
to one of the program sellers and buy a new program.

"buying another program, buddy?" he asks.

"yeah. you remember me, eh?"

"Oh yeah! I'd remember you anywhere!"

I walk back to the escalator.

as I ride the escalator up, the man next to me is
carrying a portable radio and he has it turned as
loud as it can go.

somebody is singing on that radio.
it's Barry Manilow.